

my princess, please (you know it's all i wanna do)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30010158) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30010158>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, literally just 6k words of smut, ok i lied theres a crumb of plot, thigh riding, Pet Names, Dom/sub, pillow princess, Lap Sex, Praise Kink, Voice Kink, If You Squint - Freeform, Boys in Skirts, Established Relationship, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Butt Plugs, Lingerie, Makeup, Bratting, Clay Dream Has ADHD (Video Blogging RPF), threw in a few moments of that Humiliation, Daddy Kink, Rough Sex, Rimming, Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF), Size Kink, Size Difference, Hand & Finger Kink, Aftercare, Sub Drop
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of it's all for you (it's always for you)
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-13 Words: 6541

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by [timelimez](#)

Summary

All things considered, the words shouldn't have surprised George—most of the time in bed, he preferred to lay back, leaving his boyfriend to do most of the work. It was something they both enjoyed, and sure, they switched it up sometimes, but more often than not, that was how it was. He supposed he *was* kind of a pillow princess.

The words weren't just surprising, though. No, they were *arousing*. Dream was good at dirty talk, George knew that, but something about the idea of being Dream's *princess*, not prince, was ridiculously fucking hot. It wasn't a gender thing, George was confident in his gender identity, but he liked being pretty. Delicate, even. A princess.

Notes

saw that ss of george responding to someone calling him princess and went absolutely insane

super proud of and excited to share this one!

usual disclaimers: don't repost and don't share with ccs. if dream or george state that they're

uncomfortable with fanfiction this work will be taken down.

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title - i want to be with you by chloe moriondo

enjoy! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George was in a predicament.

It had started just a few days ago, some time in the evening, George's legs spread wide as Dream pounded him into their mattress. Everything had been normal, falling into their regular dynamic, until Dream had leaned down to nip at George's neck, groaning against his skin.

"You should see yourself, George, all spread out for me like this. My little pillow princess."

All things considered, the words shouldn't have surprised George—most of the time in bed, he preferred to lay back, leaving his boyfriend to do most of the work. It was something they both enjoyed, and sure, they switched it up sometimes, but more often than not, that was how it was. He supposed he *was* kind of a pillow princess.

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Needless to say, he'd orgasmed harder than he had in ages that night.

Ever since then, George had made it his mission to get Dream to call him princess again. Only obstacle: he wouldn't say it out loud to him, obviously, because where was the fun in that?

After shaving his legs and applying moisturizer all over himself to make sure there wasn't an inch of skin that wasn't soft, George pulled on one of Dream's big hoodies and a simple pair of white cotton panties that barely contained his cock—*definitely* not bought from the women's section, although the tag would say otherwise.

He padded into their shared bedroom to find Dream in sweats a t-shirt, looking comfy as he scrolled mindlessly through his phone, something pointless on the TV bathing him in soft light and white noise.

"Hi." George said softly, joining Dream on their bed and settling right down in his lap, straddling him, earning a fond chuckle from the other man as he set his phone aside.

"Hi there," Dream murmured, voice equally as soft as he settled his big hands on George's thin hips.

George scooted forward a little, leaning forward to press a kiss to Dream's cheek. Dream grinned.

"You smell nice," He commented, squeezing George's hip before letting a hand travel up to cup his cheek. George leaned into the touch, turning his head to kiss Dream's palm.

Dream watched him with a soft smile, shifting his other hand to rest on the small of George's back to pull him closer for an actual kiss.

Delighted, George slipped his hands under Dream's shirt, leaning into the kiss and parting his lips expectantly. He felt Dream smile against his lips before a warm tongue slipped into his mouth. George let out a soft, pleased hum, grinding his hips down against his boyfriend's.

He'd be good. Sure, being a brat was often part of the fun, but if he wanted Dream to call him his princess again, he'd have to be on his best behavior.

Dream laughed lowly, the sound pure music to George's ears, as he pulled away from the kiss.

"Eager, huh baby?" He asked.

George nodded meekly, wetting his lips and leaning forward for another quick kiss.

Dream hummed, slipping a hand under George's oversized hoodie to hold his hip. He seemed to perk up upon feeling the soft fabric there, though.

"Put on your cute little panties for me, hm?" He asked, voice lowering even more and rumbling in his chest.

George nodded again. "They feel nice," He breathed out, grinding his hips forward against Dream's stomach again.

"Cute," Dream murmured, letting his hand drop down to grope at George's ass.

George pressed back into the hand, burying his face in the crook of Dream's neck.

"I just fucked you yesterday, George. You think you're gonna be okay without something inside you tonight?" Dream asked, letting his other hand fall down to slip under George's cute underwear, spreading his asscheeks apart.

George whined, biting his lip. *He had to be good to get what he really wanted.*

"It'll be enough," He nodded, yelping when he felt one of Dream's warm fingers press against his exposed pucker.

"Good boy." Dream praised, drawing his hands away to the mild disappointment of his boyfriend. Before he could complain, though, Dream was palming him over his soft panties, the friction heaven against his rapidly hardening cock. He let out a muffled moan.

"Dream," George breathed out, kissing at the side of his neck. Dream just hummed in response, gripping George's cock over his underwear and stroking him quickly. George keened, hips twitching as he balled his hands into fists in the fabric of Dream's t-shirt.

Dream stroked him like that for a few minutes, lazily rubbing his back with his free hand and giving him soft little kisses, until George could hardly take it.

"M close," He warned breathlessly, cock weeping precum and leaving a wet spot on the front of his little panties.

Just like that, though, Dream pulled his hand away, leaning back and turning his attention to the TV, which had been playing softly in the background the whole time. George couldn't hold back a whine, blinking in confusion.

"Dream?" He peeped.

"Yeah?" Dream glanced down at him, a smug smile resting on his perfect face.

"I was so close, why did you...?" He pouted, trying to keep himself from getting too whiny. *He had to be good.*

"I'm watching TV, I'm busy," Dream shrugged, still grinning. "You can finish yourself off if you really want to though, baby. Ride my thigh."

George bit back a bratty response. He could be good. He was a princess, after all, wasn't he?

"I—okay. Okay." George nodded, shifting to straddle one of Dream's thighs. Thankfully, his boyfriend settled an arm around his waist, the other hand intertwining fingers with one of George's.

"You're being so good tonight," Dream commented softly, squeezing his hand as George started to rock his hips against Dream's leg.

George let out a strangled little whimper. "I like being good for you," He breathed out.

Dream seemed incredibly pleased at that. He squeezed George's waist, turning his head to kiss George's temple.

"So fucking precious," He murmured, guiding George to hump his thigh.

George eagerly moaned, getting himself as much friction as he possibly could.

"You gonna come, sweetheart? Make a mess of yourself?" Dream asked, warm voice sending a shiver down George's spine.

"Can I please, Dream? Please, I've been good," George panted, bracing a hand on Dream's shoulder as he sped up his rutting, so achingly close to release.

The taller man chuckled, the sound familiar and comforting. "Go ahead, George. Come for me."

George let out a moan, burying his face in Dream's neck as he came.

Princess. Call me princess. Please.

His wishes went unfulfilled, though. Dream just rubbed his back soothingly as he made a mess of his little panties, kissing his shoulder.

George collapsed against his chest, panting heavily to catch his breath.

Dream turned his head to kiss the side of George's head, smiling softly. "I'll get you cleaned up, alright? You sit here and look pretty." He patted his back before carefully lifting George off of his lap, settling him on the bed.

George let himself be wiped down, Dream even giving him a clean pair of soft panties for him to pull on.

Dream pulled him close, wrapping his arms around his waist, kissing his head and snuggling up close. George should have been completely content, but he found himself mildly disappointed, instead. Dream hadn't called him princess.

He'd have to try a little harder to get what he wanted.

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A couple days had passed, and George was determined. If simply being good wasn't enough for Dream to call him princess, he'd just have to step up his game.

After shaving his legs once again to make sure he was smooth and soft, George selected his outfit carefully. His pink strawberry milk t-shirt, paired with a short white tennis skirt, and a simple pair of white cotton panties underneath. Surely, with this outfit, Dream would *have* to find him pretty enough to call him his princess.

Smiling to himself in the mirror, George headed out of the bathroom and into the kitchen, where he knew Dream was baking them cookies.

Dream, predictably, was humming softly to himself as he stirred chocolate chips into the cookie dough he was working on.

Smile growing more fond than smug at the domestic sight, George wrapped his arms around Dream's waist from behind him, going on the tips of his toes to hook his chin over Dream's shoulder.

Grinning, Dream turned his head to press a kiss to Dream's cheek. "How was your shower?" He asked, going back to mixing the cookie dough.

"Mm, it was good," George shrugged, tightening his arms around Dream. Thankfully, he hadn't seen his outfit yet. A coquettish smile played across his lips. "Wanna see what I'm wearing today?" He asked innocently.

Dream let out a soft laugh. "Sure. Give me a fashion show." He set down the wooden spoon to start to turn around. George stepped back, folding his hands behind himself and smiling shyly, in an attempt to look bashful and cute. The truth was that he was perfectly confident in how he looked in skirts and more feminine clothing, but playing up his shyness was guaranteed to drive Dream crazy.

Dream stared at him, not even trying to hide it. His eyes looked wide and glassy. *Just how George wanted him.*

"Do you like it...?" George asked bashfully, bringing his hands up to hide his face as if he was embarrassed.

"God, of course I like it, idiot." Dream scoffed, reaching out to take George's hands away from his face. "You're so cute."

George looked up at Dream with big eyes, smiling innocently. "I am?" He asked sweetly.

"Fuck, you *know* you are, baby," Dream groaned, reaching down to pick George up by the backs of his thighs, eliciting a surprised yelp from the smaller man. Nevertheless, George wrapped his arms around Dream's shoulders and his legs around his waist as his boyfriend slipped a big hand up his skirt, groping at his ass.

"Will you show me how cute I am?" George asked, trying to keep himself from letting Dream know how eager he was.

Dream chuckled, adjusting his grip on George's slim thighs. "I've gotta finish baking the cookies first, babe." He reminded, sitting George down carefully on a clean part of the counter. George bit back a whine, instead crossing his arms and pouting.

"But that'll take *so* long," He complained, giving Dream the best pleading eyes he could muster.

Dream just leaned in close, warm breath against George's ear making the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. "Well, you can always go and get yourself ready for me. When these are out of the oven, then maybe I'll come take care of you. How's that sound?"

George shuddered, biting his lip. Although Dream had phrased it like a suggestion, he knew it was an order. And while regularly, he might have mouthed off at him, or went and sat on their bed begrudgingly to wait for Dream to punish him, he had to be good this time.

He just nodded, wrapping his arms around Dream's broad shoulders and nuzzling his face into his neck.

"Will you carry me? Please?" He asked.

Dream just laughed fondly, scooping George up into his arms. "You're an idiot," He said as he carried him into the bedroom.

George was deposited onto their bed with a few lingering kisses, and then Dream was back in the kitchen.

George got right to work.

By the time Dream returned around half an hour later, George was four fingers deep in himself, a wet spot from his weeping cock staining the front of his pretty skirt, and his underwear long discarded on the floor.

Not long after, Dream was buried deep inside of him, one hand gripping his hip and the other settled on his belly, right where a little bulge rose and fell, as he rhythmically thrusted in and out of him.

George was panting, a light sheen of sweat covering his face. Dream had asked him to keep his outfit on, and he'd of course complied. Anything to increase his odds.

"Dream, please," He breathed, tears threatening to fall from his eyes as Dream's cock hit his prostate.

"Fuck, look at you, George," Dream panted, leaning down to kiss the back of George's neck.

Call me princess. Please. I've been so good.

"My sweet baby," Dream said, and George let out a frustrated sob, salty tears slipping down his cheeks. He'd done everything right, why wouldn't Dream just call him fucking princess? Sure, he liked the other pet names too, but it wasn't what he was *really* after.

Dream must have mistaken his frustration for something else, thankfully. "Poor thing, you need to come?" He cooed, slipping his hand from George's stomach down to cup his erection over his skirt.

George just nodded, rocking himself back into Dream's thrusts as he squeezed his eyes shut, focusing on his pleasure rather than how frustrated he was.

Once George had made a complete mess of his skirt and Dream had filled him up with his come, George had asked Dream with big eyes and a soft voice to plug him up for the night.

Unable to resist, Dream had, of course, agreed. George made sure to be extra cute as Dream pressed the blue silicon plug into his sensitive hole, effectively plugging his boyfriend's warm release inside him.

Once they were both cleaned up, Dream cuddled up to George from behind, spooning him close. George gladly settled his hands over Dream's, leaning back into his comforting warmth. Although everything had still been enjoyable, he couldn't help but feel disappointed.

"Do you think I looked pretty?" George asked quietly after a few moments.

If he could see Dream's face behind him, he knew exactly what kind of confused expression he'd pulled.

"What? Of course you did, George, you do now, too." He said, squeezing his waist and lifting his head to kiss the crook of George's neck. "Are you—did something happen to make you ask that?"

George gave a halfhearted little shrug. "No. Just wondering, I guess."

Dream tangled their legs together, hugging George tighter. "Are you sure?" He asked, voice considerably softer.

"I'm sure." George squirmed in his grasp to turn around, facing Dream and leaning in for a meaningful kiss. He pulled back with a smile, cupping Dream's cheek.

"Okay. I'll go get us some cookies, how about that? Then we can cuddle for a while." Dream gave him an impossibly soft smile. George was hit with a wave of appreciation for his incredible boyfriend, unable to stop himself from leaning forward for another kiss.

"That sounds good." George gave Dream one more kiss before the younger man got up to go get their snacks.

Since neither of his previous plans had worked, George would just have to come up with something completely and utterly foolproof. And he already had a pretty good idea of what he was going to do.

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A few days, one or two online orders, and a lot of Google searching later, George's plan was finally ready to be put in motion.

Dream had shut himself in his office to code after dinner, and George had made sure that he was busy before scurrying to their bedroom.

He laid his outfit carefully out on the bed before taking a quick shower, ensuring he was hairless and soft, as well as fingering himself open and pressing a plug into himself. Stepping out of the master bathroom and into the bedroom, George couldn't help but smile as he looked at the garments laying out on the bed.

First, the panties. They were brand new—he'd tried them on beforehand, of course—and were

probably going to become George's favorites. The lace was sheer and delicate, hugging his hips perfectly and barely containing his half hard cock. The panties were cut at the perfect angle to make his ass look perky and cute—there was *no way* Dream would be able to resist.

The next garment was something that George was a little less familiar with. It was a matching bralette, navy blue and lacy, that he'd also tried on to make sure it fit. Thankfully, it hadn't been as hard as he'd expected to find a bralette that hugged his flat chest so nicely. He pulled it on, the sheer, soft fabric feeling heavenly against his skin. Turning to look in the mirror, George couldn't help but blush as he took in his underwear. The dark blue lace contrasted perfectly with his fair skin, making him feel elegant and pretty.

He looked *good*.

The thigh highs were simple: he'd worn them before, so he didn't struggle with getting them to sit just right. They were sheer and white, with a strip of lace running along the tops. They settled at the middle of his thighs, making some of the pale flesh spill out above it.

Finally, his actual clothes. The same white tennis skirt from the other day, paired with a light pink knit sweater. He tucked the front of the soft sweater into his skirt before padding back into the bathroom.

This was truly new territory. The tube of mascara and tinted strawberry lip balm stared at him from where he'd placed them on the bathroom counter earlier. A rush of confidence washing over him, George leaned forward and unscrewed the mascara.

Careful not to get any on his eyelids, he applied a few thin coats to both of his eyes. The difference wasn't crazy, but it was clear that his lashes looked darker and more defined.

The lip balm was easy. It tasted like strawberries and was tinted baby pink—again, a subtle difference, but something that Dream would definitely notice.

Taking a step back and smoothing his skirt out, George gave himself one last look over in the mirror. He couldn't keep himself from smiling, ruffling his hair to make it look artfully messy.

He didn't just look good. He looked like a fucking princess. And if Dream couldn't see that, well, George would just have to take matters into his own hands.

Before his adrenaline could wear off, George stepped into the hallway, heading down to Dream's office. He leisurely knocked on the door, a coy smile spreading across his face.

"Hey Dream, if you aren't too busy, I have something to show you." He said, keeping his tone nonchalant.

"Just a minute, George," Dream called back from behind the closed door, and George grinned.

"Okay. I'll be in the bedroom."

George kept himself from seeming too excited as he headed back into the bedroom. He occupied himself by standing in front of the dresser, observing himself in the mirror.

Finally, after a couple minutes, George heard Dream's footsteps approaching. He'd left the door open purposefully, seeing his boyfriend freeze in the doorway.

Smiling innocently, George turned to face Dream, smoothing out his skirt and running a hand through his hair.

“What do you think?” He asked sweetly, folding his hands in front of himself and swaying back and forth a little bit.

Dream looked like he’d stopped functioning. His eyes were wide as he raked his gaze up and down George’s body before landing on his face, undoubtedly eyeing his darker lashes and pinker lips.

“Well?” George asked, approaching Dream in the doorway and reaching out to take one of his hands, guiding it to his thin waist. “Do you like it?”

“Holy fucking shit,” Dream breathed out, and before George could respond, the taller man had leaned down and smashed their lips together, his other hand reaching up to cup the back of George’s head. He licked across George’s lower lip and let out a groan, the sweet lip balm leaving him groaning.

George hummed into the kiss, letting his eyes flutter closed as Dream’s grip on his waist tightened.

“*Fuck, George.*” Dream said, wasting no time in leaning down to sweep the older man off of his feet. He sat down on the edge of the bed, settling George to straddle his lap, which he had no complaints about. Dream immediately leaned in for another kiss, pressing his tongue into George’s mouth.

George wrapped his arms around Dream’s broad shoulders, tipping his head back as Dream kissed down his jaw to his neck.

“You look like an angel, sweetheart,” Dream mumbled, one of his hands sliding up George’s thigh to slip under his skirt.

God fucking damn it.

George slapped Dream’s hand away, frustrated. If he couldn’t get what he wanted, then Dream couldn’t, either.

Dream immediately lifted his head, eyebrows knitting together. “I’m sorry, what was that, baby?”

George suppressed a shudder at his tone of voice. Instead, he crossed his arms, face settling into a scowl. “You’re not giving me what I want.” He huffed.

Dream made a face, his eyes darkening. “Oh, so you want to be a brat, now? You’ve been so good recently, baby. What happened to my good boy?” He asked.

George shifted off of his lap, not even wanting to give his boyfriend that satisfaction. He crossed his arms again, sitting back on his heels on the bed and watching Dream. “I’ve *been* good, and you *still* haven’t given me what I want! I dressed up and everything!” George scoffed, exasperated.

“You haven’t even told me what you want, George. I can’t read your mind.” A hint of uncertainty wavered in his voice, and George felt a small wave of guilt hit him. He knew that Dream struggled with understanding tones sometimes, and it felt a little unfair of him to assume that he’d pick up on what George had been trying to do.

He threw him a bone.

“It’s something you called me in bed last week,” George looked away, feeling his face start to grow warm. He kept his indignant tone, but he could tell that Dream was thankful for the hint.

George saw Dream's face shift with realization out of the corner of his eye. He suppressed a shudder as the other man chuckled, voice low and rumbley.

"Oh, I think I figured it out," Dream said, and then there was a strong hand gripping George's waist, pulling him closer. "You want me to call you my princess, don't you?"

George bit his lip and nodded, still looking away, face flushing red as he settled himself back on Dream's lap. Just hearing the word come from Dream's mouth made his cock twitch in his panties.

"Aw, baby, I'm sorry I didn't notice. You just wanted to be my sweet little princess this whole time, huh?" Dream asked, letting his voice drop as he dipped his head to kiss up the side of George's pale throat.

He nodded meekly, tipping his head back and letting out a soft whine as Dream nipped at his neck.

"Words, honey."

George whined again, balling his hands up into fists in his sweater paws. "Yes, Dream. I - I got all dressed up for you," He breathed out.

"Good boy. You want me to take care of you, princess? Lay you out on the bed and fuck you so hard you can't walk?" Dream purred, and George whimpered.

"Yes, please." He combed his fingers through Dream's hair, making eye contact for a moment before diving in for a deep kiss.

Dream's hands lowered from his waist to slip under his skirt, squeezing his stocking covered thighs before slipping under his skirt to grope his ass. George moaned into his mouth as Dream's thumb accidentally brushed against his plug.

"What's this?" He pulled back from the kiss, raising an eyebrow as he pushed against the base of the plug, pressing the tip of it right against George's prostate. George cried out, surprised by the sudden simulation, and instinctively went to hide his face in Dream's shoulder before stopping himself.

"Can't hide your pretty face now, can you princess? Wouldn't want to ruin your makeup." Dream smiled wolfishly, cupping George's cheek to bring him back up for a kiss.

George melted into it, wrapping his arms around Dream's broad shoulders and moaning into his mouth.

"Got yourself all nice and ready for me, didn't you?" Dream purred, pressing kisses on George's cheek.

"I did, God, please," George whined, biting his lip.

"Will you let me take your clothes off, princess?" He cooed.

George sat back, already scrambling to pull his sweater off, eager to show Dream his last little surprise.

Dream's eyes widened as George tossed his sweater to the floor, puffing his chest out a little to accentuate the pretty bralette he was wearing. "Do you like it, Daddy?" He asked shyly, face feeling warm as he fidgeted with the collar of Dream's t-shirt.

Dream was speechless. The dark blue lace accentuated George's pale skin perfectly, and it hugged his chest in just the right way, hardened nipples poking through the thin fabric. "Jesus, you're gonna fucking kill me," Dream mumbled, sliding his large hands up and down George's sides.

George smiled bashfully, fluttering his darkened lashes. He pressed his hips down against Dream's, moaning softly at the friction and the feeling of his boyfriend's clothed cock.

"Take your skirt off, baby." Dream breathed out, hands stopping to squeeze George's thin waist. George shuddered, realizing that Dream's big hands covered almost his entire waist.

He squirmed out of his seat on Dream's lap to quickly shimmy himself out of his skirt, opting to leave his thigh highs on.

Before he could say anything, Dream had stood and grabbed the undersides of George's slender thighs, scooping him up and tossing him effortlessly into the center of the bed. George squeaked in surprise, clenching his thighs together to try and get some friction on his cock.

"Fuck, you're so perfect." Dream easily pulled his own shirt off, tossing it to the ground before stepping out of his own sweats and boxers. George moaned at the sight of the younger man's hardening cock, his mouth watering for a taste. Or even better, he wanted it in his ass.

"You see what you do to me?" Dream asked, crawling back onto the bed to hover over George. "You get me so fucking hard, princess. So pretty for me."

George whimpered, soaking up every second of the praise as Dream trailed kisses down his jaw to his neck. After sucking a few bruising marks into his collar bone, Dream went down to kiss both of George's sensitive nipples over his bralette, savoring the sweet noises he earned in response. Finally, he made his way down to George's cock, nuzzling at his belly. Pressing wet kisses all over the straining lace, Dream mouthed over his boyfriend's cock. Above him, George moaned, hips bucking. Dream pulled George's panties down to his thighs, letting out a groan at the sight.

"Fuck, you even shaved around your pretty little cock for me, too, didn't you?" He cooed, not giving George time to answer before taking his leaking cock into his mouth. George cried out in surprise, his hips jerking up into Dream's mouth. He sucked lightly for a moment before pulling off, earning a confused whine from the older man.

"Hands and knees. And take these off." Dream snapped the elastic of the panties against George's thigh before sitting back on his heels.

George swallowed, kicking his panties the rest of the way off before turning over onto his hands and knees, subtly arching his back to show off to Dream the plug he'd pressed into himself.

Dream licked his lips, not wasting any time in harshly yanking the plug out of George's hole. The other man yelped, the sensation of being empty incredibly unpleasant.

After setting the plug carefully on the nightstand, Dream kissed down the small of George's back to his ass, reverently kissing each creamy asscheek as his big hands gripped George's hips.

George squirmed at the teasing, arching his back more and whimpering. "Daddy, please," He breathed out.

Chuckling, Dream shifted his hands down to spread George's cheeks, blowing a warm breath into his fluttering hole before diving in to run his tongue along his lube-slicked rim.

"O - Oh my God!" George cried out at the sensation, pleasantly surprised. He dropped down onto

his elbows, arching his back even more to try and give Dream a better angle.

Dream pressed his tongue into George's entrance, pleased to find how open he was from the plug. He lapped eagerly at his hole, pressing his lips around his rim and sucking.

George let out an embarrassingly whorish moan, pushing back onto Dream's face. "Dream—Daddy! Oh my God, feels so good, please just fuck me!" He cried, blinking rapidly in an attempt to keep the tears from spilling out of his eyes and ruining his makeup.

Dream pulled back, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Fuck, look at you, princess," He breathed, running a hand down George's back.

George shuddered, reaching up to carefully wipe his teary eyes. "Fuck me. Please, Daddy, need your cock," He turned his head over his shoulder to look at Dream with big, pleading eyes.

"Fuck. Okay, princess, lay on your back. Get comfy for me." Dream ordered, reaching over to the nightstand to grab the half-empty bottle of lube as George turned over.

He slicked up his cock as he watched him lay back against a mountain of pillows, groaning at finally getting some friction, having been taking care of George the whole time.

George spread his legs as wide as he could, looking up at Dream with big eyes, dark lashes, and kiss swollen lips. If that wasn't an invitation, Dream didn't know what was.

"I've got you. Tell me how you want it, princess," He purred, settling comfortably between George's spread legs and pressing the head of his cock to his waiting hole.

"Want you to fuck me so hard I can't walk, Daddy," George babbled, back arching off the bed at the sensation. "Want you to make me feel so good and call me your princess and - and take care of me and call me pretty,"

Dream couldn't help himself. He leaned down to smash their lips together in a passionate kiss as he slowly started pressing his thick cock into George's slick heat. He moaned into George's mouth, drinking up the other man's desperate whimpers and moans.

"So fucking tight, princess," He groaned against his soft lips, pushing in the last couple inches before finally bottoming out, hips flush with George's pale ass.

George threw his head back, eyes shut as he panted heavily, chest heaving. "Oh my God, so full, so fucking full,"

Dream pressed his face into George's neck, leaving kisses everywhere he could reach as he waited for George to adjust. Although his cock was aching to move, his boyfriend's comfort and safety always came first.

George was crying softly, his attempts at keeping his mascara neat fruitless. Light gray stained tears rolled down his fair cheeks, lashes dark and wet with tears. He trailed a hand down to his belly, feeling the bulge where Dream's cock was resting.

"Fuck, Dream, feel," He sniffled, taking one of the younger man's hands and guiding it to his stomach. It wasn't a new discovery for either of them, but each time they acknowledged it while fucking, it was hotter than the last.

"You're so tiny, princess," Dream breathed out, nipping at the side of his neck. "So small and delicate you can barely even handle my big cock."

George moaned at the words, squeezing his eyes shut. “God, fuck me already,” He pleaded.

Dream didn’t need to be told twice. Keeping one hand resting on George’s stomach and the other bracing himself by George’s shoulder, he started to slowly thrust his hips.

George let out a pleased moan, eyes fluttering open to look at Dream. He could’ve come just from the look on his boyfriend’s face alone—the determined glint in his eyes, the clenching of his jaw and light sheen of sweat on his forehead. He reached up to cup one of Dream’s freckled cheeks, bringing him down for a deep kiss.

Dream, meanwhile, was absolutely transfixed on the beauty below him. The darkened tear tracks on George’s perfect face, his small body jerking with each strong thrust, the way his coffee brown hair fell on the pillows and on his forehead.

He nipped at George’s bottom lip, changing the angle of his hips until George let out a breathy cry into his mouth.

“Yeah? Does that feel good, princess?” Dream panted, pulling back to watch his baby’s face twist up in pleasure.

“Fuck—yes! Feels so good, Daddy, love it when you fuck me, fill me up so good,” George moaned, lifting his lips to meet each of Dream’s harsh thrusts.

“You’re such a good boy for me, always take my cock so well. My sweet little princess.” George sobbed at the words, his warm walls clenching around Dream’s dick.

“My princess,” Dream repeated, “all mine. So fucking pretty. And so small, God, you’re so fucking delicate. I could break you in half, baby,”

George let out a moan dangerously close to a scream as the head of Dream’s thick cock hit his prostate. “Close! Oh my God, close!” He cried.

“You can come, princess. I want you to feel good. My little princess, my pretty baby,” Dream leaned down to speak in George’s ear, voice low and warm as he wrapped a big hand around George’s neglected erection. Just his one hand covered almost the entire thing.

George’s throat burned as he moaned again, even louder than before. He clenched down hard around Dream’s cock, nails digging into the other man’s broad shoulders as he came. His cock spurted onto Dream’s fist, making a mess.

“So good for me. My sweet princess, such a good boy,” Dream praised, fucking him through it and murmuring in his ear.

George moaned weakly as he came down from his orgasm, reaching up to tangle his fingers in Dream’s hair as he took his hand away from his spent cock.

“Fuck, please fill me up, Daddy. You fuck me so well, feels so good, please come in me,” He whispered, absolutely breathless as Dream sped up his thrusts. His prostate was so overstimulated that it was almost painful.

Dream moaned at the praise, hips stuttering before pressing as deep as he could into George, gripping both of his hips and yanking him onto his cock as he came.

George whimpered at the pleasurable sensation, going almost completely limp.

Dream pulled out carefully, still earning a whimper as the head of his cock finally left his hole.

“Plug?” George asked softly, exhausted, looking over at Dream with glassy eyes.

“Okay, honey. Just a minute.” Dream leaned down to kiss his sweaty forehead, reaching over to grab the blue butt plug from the nightstand. After warming it up in his palms for a few moments, he poured some more lube onto it.

Dream’s hot come had slowly started to leak out of George’s hole while he prepped the toy, so the blond pressed it back inside with a finger before gently pressing the plug inside. George moaned happily above him, clenching around his toy and savoring the feeling of his boyfriend’s release being sealed inside of him.

“Just a minute, I’ll get you wiped down.” Dream said softly, hurrying to the bathroom to wash his hands and get a warm washcloth, making note of the makeup wipes on the counter. He made sure to be extra gentle as he cleaned George off, making sure he wasn’t feeling sticky and gross, before doing the same for himself. He tossed the dirty washcloth to the floor to deal with later.

“You want to take this off, princess?” He asked softly, running a hand carefully over the lacy strap of George’s bralette. George blushed, squirming happily at the pet name still being used. Going into a sub-drop after sex wasn’t too uncommon for George—it was something they’d discussed together before and had made sure they both understood.

“Yes, please,” He murmured, sitting up shakily. Dream carefully helped him pull the lacy garment off, tossing it to the floor along with the rest of their clothes.

“Okay, I’m gonna get you some water and painkillers, George. You’re gonna be sore later.” Dream explained, pushing some of George’s hair off of his forehead before going to get him some water.

The moment he was alone without Dream’s voice or presence to keep him grounded, George felt his mind start to go fuzzy. Tears pricked at his eyes once more, heart pounding harder in his chest.

When Dream returned with a water bottle and ibuprofen, George was still sitting up, eyes watering and tears threatening to fall as he stared at the comforter blankly.

Dream immediately rushed over, setting the water bottle down to sit next to George.

“George, baby, hey, can you look at me?” He asked softly, rubbing up and down his bare arm gently.

Shivering, George looked up at Dream, blinking rapidly to try and dispel the tears from his eyes.

“There’s my Georgie,” Dream cooed, leaning in to kiss his forehead. “Can you take these for me? And drink some water? I don’t want you to hurt later.” Dream offered him the pills, which George picked up, before grabbing the water bottle. “Here you go.”

George took the medicine and gratefully drank the water. He hadn’t even realized how much his throat hurt until the water washed the feeling away.

“Okay. I’m gonna grab a makeup wipe too, honey, so I can wash your face.” He explained, earning a slow nod from George before hurrying to grab a wipe.

Dream settled in front of George again, holding his jaw gently as he wiped the mascara tracks from his cheeks. As gently as he could, he removed the rest of the mascara, instructing George to close his eyes.

“There you go.” Dream smiled softly, setting the used makeup wipe on the nightstand, once again to deal with later.

George managed a small smile too, before he crawled into Dream’s lap, wrapping his arms around him and resting his head on Dream’s shoulder.

Dream happily hugged George close, hooking an arm under his butt to shift them both to the center of the bed. He reached down to tug the sheets over them, pressing a kiss to the top of George’s head.

“That was good,” George mumbled softly, closing his tired eyes and snuggling up close to Dream.

“*It was* good,” Dream agreed. “We’ll take a nice long bath tomorrow and I’ll clean you up better. How’s that sound?”

“Mm, sounds good,” George breathed out, already on the verge of sleep. “Love you.”

Dream smiled fondly. “Love you too, princess.”

End Notes

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